

The Latin School Register

1635
month 20
Aug 13th

*Likewise y was then genially agreed
upon y^t o^r brother, Philemon Pormont,
shalbe intreated to become Schole-
master, for y^e teaching & nourter-
ing of children wth vs.*

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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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Latin School Register.

VOL. XV

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1896.

No. 5

MOONLIGHT.

O thou pale orb! thou floatest by
So calmly and so silently,
Cleaving with thy advancing light
The ebon ocean of the night;
While the soft breezes 'neath thee sweep,
And thou thy solemn vigils keep.
From the tired earth an odor blows
Of blossoming bush and scented rose.
The sweet-fern in the meadows bare
Exhales its fragrance in the air.
And the grape's tendrils, hanging high,
Bathe in the flood light of the sky.
Deep through the woods' twined leafy crown
Thy fading beams are sifted down;
But when to earth they trembling pass
Are snared, entangled in the grass.
Far 'neath thee chirps the cricket, he
Lone watcher of thy brilliancy.
His the sole sound,—save that unrest
The robin chirps from sleepy nest.
All other sounds hast thou subdued
In thy majestic solitude.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE "EUREKA" MINE.

[The description of the copper mine in this story is correct. It is really the description of the "Elizabeth Copper Mine" in Norwich, Vermont, which the writer visited last summer.]

Because A. Conan Doyle didn't write anything about Sherlock Holmes's adventure in the "Eureka" mine is no sign that the adventure didn't occur, for it did and it took place in this way. It was in the summer of 1889, just after the adventure with the gambler which I have related, when Paderewski came to London. Holmes was anxious to hear this famous artist, so he bought two good seats for his afternoon recital, and we went to the hall together. We greatly enjoyed the performance, but Holmes was not as enthusiastic as I was. He said that Paderewski was all right,

but that he should play the violin which was a far better instrument than the piano. As I have remarked before, Holmes was an excellent performer on the violin and he could play on it better than any man I ever heard.

When we arrived home, we were met at the door by our landlady who told Holmes that he had had a visitor. Holmes took the card which she handed him and went upstairs. When he had reached our room he seated himself, and looking at the card he read "M. C. Crawford, Mgr. Eureka Mine, Tregaron Wales." "This card gives promise of an interesting case Watson," he said.

"How so?"

"It must have been something very important to bring a plain, business man from the west of Wales to London."

"How do you know he was a plain business man?"

"See, the back of his card is covered with figures, that shows that he is not a man who cares for show for he figures on the first thing at hand, besides being poor and a plain business man, he uses snuff, was not much of a gentleman, was nervous and excited when he came here, and he walked here smoking one of those West Indian Plantation cigars regular "three-fors."

"What kind of a hat did he wear?" said I somewhat sarcastically, for I thought Holmes was trying to fool me with his deductions of a man he had never seen. Holmes looked at me with an amused expression and coolly said, "a straw hat."

"Come, come Sherlock," I said, "I know you are a wonderful man, but that's impossible."

"What's impossible?"

"To tell a man's head gear when you have never seen him."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Watson. I found it out through one of my faults."

"Which one?"

"You say I am careless and leave the room to disorder, now come and look at this table where the brandy-decanter is. I can tell considerable from this little table. See! It is dusty, and Holmes rubbed his finger on it and showed me the mark, 'now look here, you see this elliptical mark about a foot long by eight inches wide, with smaller circles inside and each circle made by a row of little dots and the whole centre unbroken, well you can easily see that that was caused by a straw hat. The dots represent the little pieces of straw that stick out. You take your straw hat and see for yourself, each plait of straw has first a protuberance on one side and then on the other. Isn't that clear?"

"Perfectly, I understand now."

"I also learn from this table that the man took out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow, laid down his hat, took the brandy-decanter and poured out a glass of the liquor, drank it and then lit his cigar."

"How is that?"

"Well, first I see a drop of something on the table which is not brandy. I whip out my microscope and see it is a drop of sweat, on the edge of the table I see some cigar ashes, and I also see some on the floor. I examine these ashes and find that they are those of a cheap cigar called 'West Indian Plantation.' I told about the brandy from the decanter. I had the last glass, I believe, and when I left I remember that the liquid was even with the fancy engraving—now it is half an inch below. The man must have been very nervous and excited and he probably wanted something to steady his nerves. I knew he was no gentleman by his not wiping his feet when he came in. He tracked the mud in with him, which proves that he walked because his feet would be dry if he rode. That he was poor was easily told, if he was rich he never would occupy the position he now holds, and another reason, you see his card, it is cheap paste-board inscribed with a common stub pen. If he had much money he would certainly have had his cards engraved, or printed. Now smell the card. What do you smell?"

"A kind of tobacco smell."

"That's snuff, now was it so very hard to draw those conclusions?"

We sat down to supper of roast mutton with all its fixings, for Holmes always lived well, and washed it down with some excellent champagne "Vintage of '68," Holmes said. This formed part of a present of a dozen cases which a patron in France sent to Holmes.

We had scarcely arisen from the table when we heard the bell ring and a moment later our landlady's (Mrs. Hudson) voice saying, "Mr. Holmes the gentleman what was 'ere before to see you, sir."

"Come right up, Mr. Crawford," said Holmes suavely.

Mr. Crawford came up, a plain, determined-looking man, dressed in a gray tweed. He was a somewhat undersized man but looked just the man for his position.

"Mr. Holmes?" he said bowing to me.

"Oh no," I said smiling, "there is Holmes."

"Pray be seated," said Holmes, "have you supped?"

"Yes, I thank you. I have a strange case to lay before you Mr. Holmes," said he after seating himself, "which the Scotland Yard force call coincidence but which I know is not. Jones, the great detective, told me he could make nothing out of it, and advised me to come to you."

"You did right my friend, and I will do my best to advise you, but state your case and we will talk it over."

"Well," said the man settling himself in his chair, "I am the Superintendent of the Eureka Copper Mine owned by Lord Collingwood. There are 178 miners now working at the mine, which is one of the most productive in the district. The best shaft in the mine is the deepest one which yields copper 40% pure. This shaft is very fruitful but ever since it was opened a strange thing has occurred. The first man down the first of every month has never come up again alive. This strange circumstance has now occurred for thirteen months, and has so terrified the simple-minded Welsh miners that they think the devil is in the mine. Last month no one would go down on the first or second days, but on the third,

a young miner just 21 thinking the spell was broken, went down first. The rest followed him and went to work, but when they came up at night the young fellow was missing. The rest worked up to yesterday which was the first of the month and then quit. I was sent to London by Lord Collingwood to get one of the Scotland Yard detectives, to see if he could make anything out of this peculiar case. I saw Jones, who said it was entirely out of his line and bade me come to you."

"Hum," said Holmes, "anything peculiar about this shaft?"

"Well, in the very centre there is a bottomless pit."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Anybody ever killed there before this series of events took place?"

"Yes, when the shaft was first opened a fall took place on the first of July, and shut off a miner who was working there with his two sons. Before they could be reached the two sons were dead, and the miner stark mad."

"What became of him?"

"Why, I don't see how this concerns the affair at hand."

"Never mind," said Holmes sharply, "I am interested in the case, so pray proceed."

"He was put in the Middletown Lunatic Asylum, and perished there in the fire which took place shortly after his arrival, in which seventy maniacs were cremated."

"I remember reading the case, I believe it was seventy-one and not seventy who were burned and the bodies were all charred so that they were unrecognizable."

"Very likely, I did not pay particular attention to the case."

"That was a very interesting case," said Holmes musingly, "but to return to our case, Mr. Crawford, I think I will accompany you back to the mine and solve this little mystery and I can safely promise that there will be no more interruptions in your work."

"Thank you for your promise," said Mr. Crawford in a tone that showed very little belief in Holmes's statement.

"Very well," said Holmes, "We will take the London and Northwestern midnight ex-

press and as it is but eight, what say you Mr. Crawford and Watson to accompanying me to Drury Lane, and seeing the show? It will pass the time pleasantly."

It was soon decided upon and after a couple of hours in the playhouse we took our train, and the three of us were soon sleeping soundly on our way to Wales. At six o'clock the train reached Cæmarthen where we changed cars for Tregaron at which place we arrived at 8.30. Mr. Crawford wished us to stop at his cottage but Holmes thought it would be better to stop at the inn in the village, "the White Horse," as he said he did not wish to put any trouble on Mrs. Crawford.

When we were in our room at the inn I asked Holmes how he knew Crawford was married.

Holmes laughed, "I noticed his suspender buttons which were of different designs and all sewed on neatly with strong thread except two which were dark thread probably those which had never come off. No man would take the trouble to sew on his suspender buttons as neatly as those, so it must have been a woman. And what woman except his wife."

"His housekeeper?" I ventured.

"If he wasn't married he wouldn't keep house," said Holmes decidedly. "He would sleep in his office."

"Well, dropping that," I said, "how are you going about this case?"

"To-day I am going around among the miners and to-morrow I will descend the shaft—alone."

"Don't, Holmes," said I. "Think of the danger."

"Are you superstitious?" said Holmes quizzically.

"No," said I somewhat abashed.

"Believe me, Watson, there is no danger. I think I have the correct solution now." Knowing how prudent and discretionary Holmes was I said nothing further, but I had some misgivings.

After breakfast we had a caller in the person of the owner of the mine, Lord Collingwood. He was a gentleman about fifty, I should say, with snowy white hair and with a very pleasing countenance. He immediately

sat down to business and asked Holmes what he was going to do.

Holmes answered him the same way he answered me.

"Do you think there is some strange chance which has caused the disappearance of these men?"

"No, indeed," was Holmes's unexpected reply.

"You do not believe in the superstitions of these ignorant Welsh miners do you?" said Lord Collingwood, surprised.

"No indeed," said Holmes smiling, "but I would rather not commit myself. I have the correct solution, I think, but I am not sure, so that if you will call to-morrow, say about 12, I will be able, I think, to explain everything."

Lord Collingwood shortly afterwards took his departure, and a little while later Holmes also went out to see what he could find out from the miners. He returned to the hotel at supper time in a very uncommunicative mood and all I could get out of him was, that Welsh miners were a set of ignorant asses, and that he was going down the mine in the morning.

In the morning I awoke to find that Holmes had already gone and to find this message awaiting me. "Dear Watson, have gone out for a walk, will descend the shaft at 8; will you be so kind as to go to the office with your Navy and if the mine bell rings come down. A few have volunteered to go down with you and I have placed a couple at the bucket hoist for a purpose of my own, in haste, Holmes." I glanced at my watch and it registered 7.30. I hurriedly dressed and dashing down a cup of strong black coffee, rushed out to the mine shaft. This shaft is situated in one of the innumerable sheds which are scattered over the grounds. It is descended by ladders and not by buckets as I supposed. The half a dozen miners who were grouped about the hole, told me that this was the usual descent for the men and that the bucket was used to draw up the ore only. They told me that Holmes had descended but a short while before and they had not heard the bell ring yet.

"Aye, and ye won't hear it either, for that man has gone to his death," said an old, grizzled

miner as he handed me a candle to light the way when we should go down.

We were waiting about five minutes when we heard the bell tinkle, then a louder noise, and then it suddenly stopped. We all stood for a moment dazed and then I said hoarsely, "Come, Holmes is in great danger."

F. H. '97.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Arma virum que cano."

We were highly complimented on our first dress parade by Captain Paget and the teachers. Our lines were rather wavering at times, but it was our first attempt, and we shall be able to show the graduates, who come to see us drill at the Washington's Birthday celebration, that military drill has not gone entirely to ruin since THEY left the Latin School.

On December 20th, the English High School had a public day, and the drill was attended by many of our officers. The High School has some fine companies, but, of course, we do not think that their dress parade was quite so good as ours.

The Chelsea High School dance in Armory Hall, Chelsea, Dec. 13th, was attended by quite a number of officers from the High and Latin schools; but the Boston officers were not allowed to wear their uniforms because Chelsea is outside the city limits.

The officers of the English High School and members of the class of '96 held their first party in the drill hall on Dec. 20. The dance was a great success socially and financially. There were just enough present to fill the hall comfortably without crowding it. This is the first dance which the school has ever held in

the evening, and great credit is due Marcy Edwards, B. L. S. ex-'96, the chairman of the dance committee, for the way in which he managed affairs.

Among those at the Charlestown dance, Dec. 27th, were Stephenson, Major Miller, Captains Ordway, Kelley and Davidson, Drum Major Stillings and Lieutenant Barron. There were officers present from the English High School, Brookline, Chelsea, Lynn, and the "Enterprise".

Adjutant MacLachlan has received the roster of the Hyde Park High School.

Major Miller has started the bayonet squad, and it will meet every Wednesday in the drill hall directly after school.

On Wednesday, January 15th, Captain Paget met the officers after school and it was voted to hold a single-stick squad to take the place of the sword squad. This squad will meet every Wednesday in the gymnasium, and a quick eye and steady hand are the requirements. Officers will pay to Colonel Drake thirty-eight cents, the sum required to buy the sticks. It was decided that, later, the officers should choose as commander some one of their number who was competent to lead the squad. The advisability of having white duck trousers and gaiters was talked over; and while all were in favor of the trousers, the gaiters did not meet with so much favor.

It was suggested that, at the prize drill, an exhibition drill be given by about forty fellows, picked out of the two battalions, introducing the manuals used in the army since the battle of Bunker Hill. This would show the manuals of the Continental army of Baron Steuben, Scott, Casy and Hardee, Upton, Rugers, and several others. If this can be carried out it will be a new feature and one that will be very interesting.

Captain Paget thinks it would be a good thing if the captains would break their companies up into squads and drill each squad separately.

There are to be several changes in the company drill this year, and the cards will soon be out with the order to be used at the prize drill.

The school drum corps, under Drum Major Stillings, is rapidly getting into prize-drill form.

THE LONE, LITTLE LEAF.

A SONNET.

One little leaf that's dry and brown and dead,
And hangs a swinging in the wint'ry wind,
Is now the only one that I can find,
For all the other little leaves have fled.
Now comes along a blast with howl forlorn,
And knocks about the little leaflet so,
I think its stem must break and let it go
Down to the ground. And when I wake each
morn,
My window first I seek that I may see
If, twisting, turning, dancing all about,
And whirling, quiv'ring, dodging in and out,
The little leaf still clings to the old tree.
And while snow flies, and all the harsh winds
blow,
The little leaf keeps bobbing to and fro.

AUGUSTINE HERBERT.

ATHLETICS.

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

On January 12, Captain Lincoln called the track-team out. About twenty-five men appeared.

All the Interscholastic Associations of the country have joined together in a national league. The winners of the associations are to be sent as representatives to the grand meet to be held, probably, at New York.

At the B. A. A. meet, Feb. 8, there will be a scratch 600-yard run open to interscholastic men only. Contrary to report, there will be no E. H. S.-B. L. S. team race. If that should come off, the winner would run Portland High at our N. E. Interscholastic meet.

A class meet—all the classes to meet in competition for points—would be a highly enjoyable affair and a tremendous boom for athletics. Our best wishes to such a project.

The Polo League seems to be attracting little attention outside of the players.

Every athlete should come to the school dance, on Feb. 22, and bring his sister, too. The proceeds go to the athletic fund.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

H. L. SEAVER, - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
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JANUARY, 1896.

BEFORE another issue of the REGISTER is published, probably, we shall have passed the celebration of Washington's birthday; and we will take this occasion to make a few remarks and propound a question on that subject.

All the public schools are required by the school committee to hold some sort of public exercise in commemoration of the birthday of Washington. This is a very excellent idea and we cannot give too much care and attention to the occasion. Some such arrangement as that for the public declamations would be admirable, and we might have a very interesting patriotic exercise. So far so good.

But some one—we know not who—once conceived a tremendous scheme. He suggested making the celebration of the twenty-second of February the class day of the graduating class. This, then, is the present custom, and it is this custom on which we wish to pass a few remarks.

Our school holds the same relative rank as a High School, except that we have something higher before us. The completion of a thorough course of six years at our school is no small occurrence in our lives, and it is eminently fitting and proper that an occasion of such importance should be marked by some unusual exercises and appropriate notice. It is an epoch in the life of the student and needs a mile-stone to mark it.

All the observance taken of it, according to present custom, is to squeeze it in with another exercise of a different sort that is required by the school committee. This is really a slight at once to the birthday of the country's father

and to the class day of our school. Each day is surely worthy of special observance. What is more, the time of the exercises is most unfortunate. At any public exercise we wish our friends to be present, whether we are to take part in them personally or not. Our parents are sure to come and pat us on our heads, which of course we would not think of changing; but boys in school have friends in school. The companions of our own age are at school in the morning, as all decorous young ladies and gentlemen should be. Allowance is made for this fact at the Prize Declamation. This exercise is very suitably held after school hours. Then why should not the class day,—the day of the year—be honored with like recognition? The time of the year, too, is incongruous. Is there nothing of absurdity in the idea of having a graduation day before the class graduates? The very idea of a class day is that of a closing exercise. So our class day should be in June, as is the Prize Declamation, and in the afternoon, as is the Prize Declamation. The announcing of the prizes of the year—at least of those given in the graduating class—is more appropriate for the graduation day than at a prize declamation.

To be sure, the celebration is considered class day enough to have the first class meet all the expenses, but that is not enough.

We would not have our readers suppose that this is an ill-tempered attack on the existing customs of the best school on American soil, but even good customs become *passé*. Nor can we expect to have a change effected this year. We shall have our class exercises as usual, and they will be worthy both of the national holiday and of the local associations. Yet it seems reasonable to expect that an arrangement so plainly inconsistent will be rectified before many more classes have graduated from the Latin School.

We are sure that we voice the feeling of the entire school,—instructors as well as pupils, in expressing our sincere sympathy for Mr. Emery in the recent and sudden death of his only son.

SCHOOL NOTES.

*"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."*

Who said skates?

It is not the general intention of the REGISTER to publish stories in two parts; but that which begins in this number and is to end in the next was so especially interesting that we made an exception in its favor.

On Monday, the sixth of this month, several of the rooms in the building were so cold that the classes had to be dismissed. The way the scholars begged to stay was truly pitiful, but the teachers did not feel that they could imperil their pupils' health.

Henceforth there will be published in the REGISTER the list of new books received in our library. This will call the boys' attention to volumes they may wish to consult either for reference or pleasure.

REGISTER readers were told in September that our continued story was to run but half a year; but it has proved too long to be ended in a few numbers. We hope it will sustain its interest to the end.

Last month we went to press under the impression that we should be deprived of the two days before Christmas. Hence the paragraph of complaint in our last number. What was cured didn't have to be endured.

All the subscribers who had failed to pay for the REGISTER before the holidays did not receive their copy. No more issues will be delivered to them until payment is made.

Several times lately, envious juniors have observed pails of cracked ice or snow being transported to the quarters of the first class. By the animation and longing expression of their countenances, it was presumed that they took it to be ice-cream to be served to the graduating class. A position in that august

body is indeed an exalted position, but we have not yet attained to the height of refreshments of this sort. The refreshment derived from the snow and ice was in the form of physics experiments.

The Christmas REGISTERS had been promised at the school on the Monday before Christmas; and, accordingly, on Thursday a brilliant poster was put up in the corridor announcing the holiday number "ready Christmas." That very day there were many applications for single copies; but then we received the melancholy news that school was not to keep Monday and Tuesday. Upon this the editor had a fit lasting some hours, from which he has not yet quite recovered, and the business manager hastened to the printer's to secure the papers for Friday. This was impossible. A Christmas paper delivered the second of January seemed ridiculous, so the papers were all mailed to the subscribers in time to reach them before Christmas. This entailed no small labor and expense, but it is a satisfaction to know that the Christmas REGISTER was out Christmas and did not wait over vacation as some other school papers had to do.

Few of the applicants for single copies of the paper reappeared when the paper was ready, but there are still some numbers left that may be obtained any day in Room 18.

JUDITH HUDSON.

HENRY LATIMER SEAVER.

CHAPTER V.

Shortly after his sister left him, Tom snuffed the candles in the old Town hall at Vandert's Mill. He walked slowly out to the green, enjoying the cool night air after the close heat of the hall. His mind was now more composed, for everything was prepared for the morrow, and his sister would soon be safe with the other refugees. Tom went carefully about the entire camp on the green, picking his way carefully over the bodies of his slumbering men, and seeing that the guard and the horses were all right.

At last he selected a soft spot under a tree and lay down to refresh himself with a few hours' sleep.

There is a strange, inexplicable under-current in human existence which seems sometimes even more powerful than living actuality. It is this which, by some unknown means, makes a person aware of a great disaster to a friend or loved one who may be thousands of miles away. Many are the actual instances of such occurrences. Persons have suddenly realized the death of a friend who was miles away, by no apparent means whatever. This strange power, for want of a better name, is called presentiment.

Tom had been sleeping for a short time, when, with a horrible cry, he leaped from the ground. He was trembling like an aspen leaf with fear, and great beads of cold sweat stood out on his brow. His eyes were starting from his head and his hair stood stiffly erect in horror. The entire camp was aroused. The men rushed to their horses, mounted, and all came clustering about Tom.

The poor fellow's head was in a whirl. He seemed as if he were dreaming and unable to awake. The men thought he had had a bad nightmare; but, as the dawn was beginning to pale in the east, they ate a hasty breakfast and set out. Tom led the way down the road on which the party of women had departed on the previous evening. The grass was still wet with the dew and the birds had begun to sing from the swaying boughs of the trees. Tom had never seen a more beautiful morning, but he was haunted by a nameless horror.

What was that? The sound of hoofs! Tom leaped to the ground, put his ear to the damp earth and heard the approaching tread of some thirty horsemen. In another moment he was in his saddle, and told his men that a small body of cavalry was approaching from the very direction in which they were going. If they were British troops they had found just what they sought, and had also the superiority of numbers.

The sound of hoofs came nearer and nearer. But before any horses came in sight a sudden discharge from the trees on either side of the road almost threw Tom's men into a panic.

With cool head Tom assembled them in a circle, back to back, and awaited the result. He bade them save their fire and to hold out till the last. At that instant a body of red-coats galloped around a turn in the road, and, headed by Lieut. Jones, charged upon the brave farmers huddled in this way.

All the wrath that disappointment, defeat, sympathy for his fellow-countrymen, and wounded pride could distill into Tom's nature burst forth upon recognizing that leader. With a yell he broke from the ring, and, burying his spurs in his horse's flanks, he plunged at the on-coming band. His men, unwilling to be left alone, and desiring to protect him, wheeled and charged as impetuously as their leader.

The shock of the opposing troopers was terrific. Each party recoiled and the fight became general. It was joined by a small party of Indians who leaped from covert at the roadside. The numbers of each party were about equal; but Tom's men, knowing how short a lead the women must have obtained, fought like tigers to at least allay, if not prevent, pursuit. Tom was almost surrounded by opponents, and could not get at David Jones, who was fighting gallantly in the bushes at the roadside.

The British began to give way. The Indians, seeing that the battle was going against them, promptly fled into the woods and were soon followed by the red-coat troopers. The British, instead of capturing the "rebel nest" as they had hoped to do, had been routed and lost several of their number.

Tom and a few followers plunged into the wood in pursuit, but, realizing the danger from the Indians there, Tom gave up the chase, and, drawing rein at a tiny rivulet, dismounted to drink. As he leaned over the pool he heard a groan and a voice call feebly, "Water! water!" The tone sent a thrill through his frame. Hastening on to the spot whence the sound came, he found his sister lying on the ground dressed in the torn and bloody garments of a woodsman. Her head was red and bleeding and the veins and flesh were laid bare. She had been scalped alive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A REAL ANTIQUE.

[The following interesting play-bill was recently unearthed by a laborer digging in a vacant lot near the Acropolis at Athens. The quibbling antiquarians of the German school unjustly doubt its authenticity. — Ed.]

POSITIVELY
LAST APPEARANCE

of MR. C. J. CÆSAR'S

Popular

Tragedy:

Commentarii de Gallo Bellicos.

Already witnessed by 900,001 thrilled spectators.

[*Theatrum est omne divisum in partes tres, galleria, balconia, et flo r. Pretium gallerie, \$.25; balconie, \$.50; flooris, \$1.50; Casæ, \$15.*]

*Fores aperte VIII. prompte.**Scenæ novæ a*

The Late MR. PHIDIAS

*depictæ.**Dramatis Personæ.*Monsieur Vercingetorix *Gallus Bellicosus.*Herr Ariovistus *Dux Germanorum.**et*C. J. Cæsar *Imperator Romanorum.**Duæ Germanæ, Ariovisti Frauen**Nuntii, milites, equites, et cetera.*

Overture: "See, the conquering hero comes."

ACT I.

Scene: *Cæsaris castra* after a victory over Ariovistus. Cæsar seated on a camp-chair. *Ariovistus ad pedes Cæsari sese projacit.* States the reasons for his resistance. *Hac oratione ab Ariovisto habita,* enter *Duæ Germanæ, Ariovisti Frauen, vestibus caeruleis crinibusque passis.* Air: "Two little girls in blue" and "Her golden hair was hanging down her back." They beg of Cæsar Ariovistus' life. *Cæsar dextras earum prendit et squeezit,* and, with tears in his eyes, lets Ariovistus depart.

Chorus

by the *zwei Frauen,*

"Cæsar, dismiss us with thy blessing,

Let us all depart in peace."

*Exeunt canentes.*Enter *nuntius*, with news of the uprising ofVercingetorix. *Cæsar obsecravit:*"Damnite sis." *Hædem pete."* etc., etc.*Chorus devulularum.*

Red lights.

Curtain.

[*P—castanæe lemonadiacque latices inter partes servantur.*]

ACT II.

Interlude: "Johnny get your gun."

Curtain rises *celerius omne opinione*, displaying Cæsar's works about Alesia. Alesia in the distance; Cæsar in the foreground. *Ex omnibus partibus, signo dato, Galli ex Alesia procurrunt.* Sortie. Terrible battle. Air: "Rally round the flag, boys." Slowly but surely the Gauls force their way through the Roman lines. The battle is almost lost, when Cæsar appears in full suit of mail, charges the enemy, and kills ten thousand at a stroke. Only one Roman has been hurt, however,—a certain one upon whose toe Cæsar trod on his way to the van. The tide of battle is now turned. The Gauls are forced back to their gates, and the advance guard, with Cæsar at its head, is about to enter the city when

Enter Vercingetorix. *Exclamat:* "Thou shalt not enter Alesia save o'er my dead body!!!" Air: "I won't let you play in my back yard." A duel ensues. Vercingetorix slain.

Curtain.

Interlude: "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

ACT III.

Scæna eadem. Nox. Parva lux procul aperit. Train of soldiers with torches approaches. Air: "When Johnny comes marching home again.

Revelry and noise. Air: "Comrades." Enter Cæsar dragging the body of Vercingetorix, which is tattooed in purple

S. P. Q. R.

Chorus,

"Glory and strength to the men of old."

Enter from above

Victory,

low neck and short sleeves. *Cesarem lauris coronat.*

Postlude (by the audience), "We won't go home until morning."

Finis.

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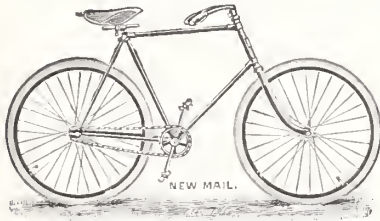
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